THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 52.

Boston, Saturday, April 25, 1807.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 76.

To the Wanderer.

SIR,

IN a number of your paper published more than six weeks ago, you declared in answer to an ignorant clodhopper who demanded the reason why large parties were collected by the ladies, that you could not inform him, and at the same time called on some one of your readers to reply for you. I have waited patiently for this answer, till I am fairly out of temper at the general silence. Three words, unless you are as ill bred as your rustic correspondent, would have explained the matter to your satisfaction. In short sir, the ladies attend jams and endure them in return, because, *'tis the fashion.* You will therefore let us hear no more on the subject, unless you intend to affront half the ladies of this fashionable town, as well as

MARY MODISH.

"*'Tis the fashion*" ! ! !—The exclamation of prattling folly, and constantly reiterated by the thousand votaries who are fascinated by the sound of her rattle.—*Fashion !*.... 'Tis the transpicuous veil through which the unblushing front of absurdity is virtue, and beneath which vice assays to hide half her deformity.—*Fashion !*...The banner round which the idle, the vain and the thoughtless eagerly rally, and to which even those whom reason enlightens are sometimes dragged in chains, like the conscripts of France to the oriflam of the Corsican usurper.—*Fashion !*...'Tis "the plague of wise men—the idol of fools."

We are told that "in a multitude of counsellors there is safety," and it is perhaps from this impression that one half the world blindly follows the other, whether it pursue rectitude or wander in error. It should not be forgotten however, that it is possible to "follow a multitude to do evil." It is therefore a ridiculous advocation of wrong to assert that everybody does it.

NARCISSA, when she neglects her domestic arrangements to saunter through half the shops in town in viewing gewgaws which she does not want and does not mean to purchase, should remember that to gratify curiosity at the expense of duty, is like throwing away a diamond to gain a pebble. Let the laces "by the Galen" and the ribbons "by the Romeo" remain quietly behind the counter, unless a better reason can be assigned for disturbing them than "'tis the fashion" to have seen the newest goods.

I stopped a few days since at the house of my neighbour GIMBLET, and found his daughter seated at a

piano-forte, while her mother was at the wash-tub in the opposite corner, and the sound of saws and hammers was distinctly heard from the embryo drawing room adjoining, which is at present a work-shop. I could not help expressing to the fond mother my surprise at the introduction of such furniture into *her* house, but the good woman was astonished that I did not know that every body's daughters had them, and that music was "all the fashion."

Young DIMITY has kept a shop this twelvemonth, and when he commenced business *owned*.....at least his *yard-stick*. He now sports his horse and gig, and no man of his standing bowls or bets with more spirit. Call at his shop in the afternoon, "Mr. Dimity has gone to ride;" expostulate with him in the morning, "*'tis the fashion to enjoy one's self.*"

The circle of friendship is a magic circle. The guests of Hospitality should be Freedom and Cheerfulness. A dinner party however at the present day is not dictated by the former, nor does it produce the latter. Ask POMPOSUS why he assembles dozens at his board to glut themselves on his viands and become inebriated by his wines; he will not tell you it is to display the costliness of the one or draw praises on the excellence of the other, neither can he truly say he derives pleasure from the feast; but he has received dinners from his friends, "'tis the fashion" to return them.

With a mind which literature has adorned and experience has enlightened, Modestus follows in the track which glaring folly distinguishes. Although he detests gambling and all its attendant vices, he voluntarily seats himself at the loo-table, even when he knows the play will be deep, and that whether success or ill luck attend him, tomorrow's reflection will render reminiscence painful. Throw the cards into the fire, Modestus, and exhibit to those companions who look up to you for example, that energy of character which rises above the petty follies of the many, and can frown absurdity and vice into obscurity, even when *in fashion*.

The Wanderer has recommended deference to public opinion; he has suggested to his readers the propriety of accommodating themselves in some degree to the views and wishes of others. "Civility is a debt which every individual in society has a right to exact." But he has also applauded "that inflexibility of mind which adheres invariably to its own determinations and demands respect," and he never can be drilled into admiration of stupidity, error and vice, *because*, to repeat the expression of his crispy correspondent, Mistress Mary Modish, "*because 'tis the fashion.*"

FOR THE EMERALD

An account of the CURFEW, *a posthumous play by the late John Tobin, Esq. author of the Honey-Moon.*

Mr. Tobin was a genius of a very peculiar cast. Possessed of a glowing imagination, maturity of judgment, and ardent zeal of research, with the whole field of the English drama open before him, he wandered unrestrained, and culled without scruple, such notions of character and beauties of imagery as best accorded with his purposes, or best gratified his fancy. He had besides, great talents at composition and nicety of discrimination; and tho' he engrafted the scions of other writers into his own stock, he never

lost the advantage of their growth by a bungling incision. The Honey-Moon from its first appearance, had been highly extolled, and when Mr. Tobin died, it was a subject of regret that he had produced no other dramatic work. The *Curfew*, while it informs us that the author of the Honey-Moon was not unemployed, affords by its excellence new matter for speculation and new causes for regret. The merits of this play are striking; the plot is partly borrowed and partly original; the language is elevated, harmonious and passionate; and the imagery is beautiful and illustrative, restrained form exuberance, yet not deprived of vigor. But the author has made too much use of the expressions of Shakespeare and other writers to be called original.

The scene is laid in England, at the time of William the Conqueror, and the fable is founded upon the vices, government and superstition of that early age. The characters consist of Normans and Danes.—*Hugh de Tracy*, a Norman, had formerly married *Matilda*, an English lady, in Normandy; but from doting fondness had suddenly fell off to inveterate jealousy, which jealousy was so increased by some anonymous letters he received, that in a fit of passion, he stabbed his wife, on finding her in private with her presumed seducer. The lady who was not killed but wounded, fled with their only son, an infant, to the nearest seaport and embarked for England; but the vessel was wrecked on her passage, and both the mother and son were supposed to be lost. In the mean time *de Tracy* had became convinced of her innocence; and afterwards settled in England and was made an English Baron. He was completely wretched, and all his hopes of happiness were blasted.

Fitzharding, formerly an officer under *de Tracy* in Normandy; but now captain of a troop of robbers in England, was the origin of all this misery. This man having been publickly dishonoured by de Tracy, for no offence, by an igneminious *brand* upon his shoulder, could never cease in prosecuting his revenge. *He* had written the letters sent to the Baron, and *he* contrived to be in Matilda's apartment in order to confirm her husband's jealousy. Always intent upon his purpose, he infested with his banditti, a wood near the castle of *de Tracy*. Here, he opportunely takes a friar prisoner who was going to the castle to confess the Baron. He assumes the garments of the monk and determines to proceed thither himself, after previously agreeing with his band on a plan of attack, at the tolling of the Curfew.

Florence, daughter of the Baron, is attached to *Bertrand* one of her father's vassals, contrary to his express injunctions. This couple had agreed to be married, on this same evening at Curfew time; and she, to avoid discovery, was to assume the disguise of a boy, and leave the castle, in company with *Bertrand*.

Matilda, wife of the Baron, and her son *Robert*, had escaped from the wreck and settled near the castle unknown to De Tracy, where they had resided for many years. She was now charged with being a witch, * and the clamour was so great against her, that the Baron determines to examine her himself, and gave orders to have her brought

* The following is an humourous description of the witch. "*Walter*. They say all over the village that she's a witch and has dealings with the Devil, brings blight among the corn, and murrain among the cattle; she is charged with having conjured the late terrible drought, and she certainly caused the

before him that evening. Her son *Robert* had just joined the † gang of Robbers, who had agreed to attack the castle.

In prosecuting her intention of marrying with Bertrand, Florence is intercepted by the Robbers, who carry her off, spite of her lover's threats, who in attempting her rescue is discovered by some vassals of the Baron, who by his orders were in search of him, and carried a prisoner to the castle.‡ *Florence*, in the Robbers' cave, overhears their plan for surprising her father's castle; but appearing too attentive to it, the Robbers determine to *dispatch* her, and entrust the murder to Robert. But he, young in iniquity, is melted at the confession of her sex, and resolves to preserve her at every hazard. He accompanies her to Matilda's cottage, who had then gone to the castle to be examined. Robert leaves her, to return to his companions; but in his way resolves to save the castle. He therefore shoots an arrow with an account of the plot attached to it within the precincts of the walls. Florence in the mean time is taken *as a boy lurking in the cottage*, and carried to the castle to be examined.

Fitzharding, in the disguise of the Friar, enters the castle, and in conference with the Baron is interrupted by the appearance of *Robert's* letter; but it being written in characters which the Baron did not understand he gives it to Fitzharding to decypher, who of course evades a communication of its contents. Matilda is now brought in for examination,§ she suspects the

flood that followed it, for she was heard the day before to wish for rain; she turns up her nose at all our country pastimes, pores all day over books of magic, and frowns all night about the lanes and hedges gathering poisonous herbs, which she boils in a three cornered kettle; she has more hard words at her tongue's end than a convent of monks, and has actually been seen taking an airing on a broomstick. 'Tis plain she converses with people of the other world, for she never talks to any body in this, and 'tis impossible that any *woman* can be always holding her tongue."

†The expostulation of the mother with the son, in consequence of his mode of life, is highly wrought.

"*Mat. The blessed sleep you know not, whose sweet influence, [limbs,*
Ere he can stretch his labour-aching
Softly seals up the peasant's weary lids.
On the cold earth, with over watching spent
You stir and fret in fev'rish wakefulness:
Till nature, wearied out at length o'er-comes
The strong conceit of fear and 'gins to doze:
But as oblivion steals upon your senses,
The hollow groaning wind, uprears you quick,
And you sit, catching with suspended breath,
Well as the beating of your heart will let you
The fancied step of justice."

‡The Baron taunting him with his *low birth*, extracts the following ardent reply. [*now too late*

"*Bert. That is indeed past cure! 'Tis*
To summon back the dust of my progenitors
And stamp it with nobility.—What then?
Am I to hang my head? Creep into corners
Because my father was a hind? I know not
Why I was prest into this bustling world;
But here I am & let my deeds proclaim me
Our actions are our heralds, and they fix,
Beyond the date of tombs and epitaphs
Renown or infamy.

§ When Matilda is charged with witchcraft, she replies.

"*Mat. Holy father!*
I answer with the voice of innocence.
For from the inmost feeling of my soul
I love the awful majesty sublime
Of Nature in her stillness. To o'erlook,
Fixt on some bleak and barren promontory
The wide interminable waste of waves;
To gaze upon the star-wrought firmament
Till mine eyes ache with wonder. These
are joys
I gather undisturb'd. The day's delights
I am proscrib'd, and if I venture forth
To taste the morning's freshness, I am
star'd at,
As one of Nature's strangest prodigies.
At my unmeasur'd step and rude attire
The speechless babe is taught to point the
finger,
And unbreech'd urchins hoot me as I pass
And drive me to the shelter of my cottage.

sanctity of the presumed Friar, when *Florence*, yet disguised, developes the intended plot against the castle. But though Matilda discovers Fitzharding to be captain of the Robbers, she is restrained from making it known, as he threatens her son's death, if the enterprize should be exposed. Remaining as yet unknown by the Baron he persuades him to retire into the recess of the chapel to expiate in private his manifold offences; here he is on the point of murdering him, when Matilda, who had watched his movements, suddenly appears between them, in her original form. This supposed || apparition frightens Fitzharding from his design and on a signal from Matilda the vassals of the Baron appear and seize on the Robber. The castle is then saved; *Bertrand* and *Florence* are united, *de Tracy* and *Matilda* made happy, *Robert* reformed, and the Robbers imprisoned for future punishment.

In our perusal of this play we have been pleased with unexpected splendour of versification; but often have been displeased with the most unblushing plaigarism. The fifth act has not sufficient interest; but the complexities of the plot are in general happily incorporated, and the catastrophe though the effect of much art, seems the unavoidable result of the circumstances which preceded it. Minuteness of criticism would now be useless, for until the work is read the remarks cannot well be appreciated; we understand it is soon to be republished in Boston, when the public will have an opportunity more effectually to decide upon its merits.

|| When Matilda appears, Fitzharding exclaims (starting back)

"*What art thou? speak.*
The real existence of a living woman,
Or, but the mind's creation of a form,
That night and this occasion conjure up,
To fright my steady resolution?
It has no human faculty of speech,
And cannot from that attitude relax,
To which 'tis spell-bound.

Bar. My flesh creeps still and my unturdling blood
Slowly and fearfully resumes its functions.
Whate'er thou art; Mortal, or blessed spirit, [*first;*
Thy voice familiar, doth proclaim the
But the strange apparition of that form,
Almost persuades the other. Who within
The sanctuary of that hallowed spot intomb'd thee,
That at the very crisis of my fate,
Thou should burst forth in terrible array
To stagger resolute murder and make reel
Destruction back upon itself?"

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE ORDEAL.....No. 25.

ON THEATRICAL TASTE.

THE difficulty of forming a true judgment of acting, or the representations of human passions and events upon the stage, arises principally from an idleness of observation on the standard of nature. Taste and criticism interpose their authority; and point out for our disapprobation, the low, vulgar and preposterous, and for our applause, the elevated, beautiful and consistent. It is not probable the generality of mankind ever did, or ever will attain that point of knowledge and judgment which marks a true taste; though there can be no doubt the world has been more refined and acute at some periods than at others. The Athenians for example were so remarkable for accurate perception of true and false eloquence, that a harsh or grating period from the mouth of an orator was received with evident signs of displeasure by that people, who from long experience and habit of attention had learned to relish only the *ore rotundo* of Demosthenes; and even in modern Rome it is said, the most illiterate trader is a better judge of the fine arts, than persons in this country, of the most refined education. Taste in the drama, is in a remarkable degree progressive; act.

ing, which once delighted us, as knowledge becomes enlarged, judgment matured, and performances familiar, is viewed with indifference or displeasure. In morals, virtue and vice, and every thing which is connected with them, have an indelible mark which cannot be mistaken; but in taste the distinguishing shades are so delicate, so blended, and depend so much upon long continued observation, to be perceived and appreciated, that it will naturally be changing, as concurring events are more or less favourable to its cultivation. Though the difficulties attending the attainment of an accurate taste are neither few nor trifling, yet when attained, its advantages will repay the labour of acquirement. True taste teaches us to judge with clearness, to refine our minds, to humanize our natures, and to render social intercourse more elevated and delightful. But in America, whether it be, that we want experience, are unwilling to study nature, or are wholly governed by caprice and fashion, our taste is doubtless deplorably perverted from truth of judgment and accuracy of discrimination. The influence of fashion indeed seems to be uncontrollable; and *our* fashion is mostly derived from that of the English. But fashion in England has often authorised countless absurdities and imperfections. In the reign of Charles II. it approved of the licentiousness of Mrs. Behn, D'Urfey, and Farquar. Fashion is the thermometer of taste, the index of public opinion; but the exercise of a little judgment may sometimes lead that taste and opinion into a new path. It is much to be regretted, that our taste is so imperfect, has so little foundation in truth and nature, as its present *fashion* seems to indicate.

In Tragedy we seem only to approbate a clear, strong, melodious voice, a beautiful person and face, and when these essentials are in full exertion; the voice strained to the top of its compass, or in abrupt transitions, ranging from the lowest extreme to the highest; and the figure moving in all the exuberance of *grace*, and majesty of bombast, we are ready "to applaud to the very echo, that shall applaud again." Give us enough of beauty, and noise, grace and rant and we are willing to leave characteristic propriety, passionate delineation, and true emphasis, to those who have more leisure to be wise—As,

"*Some by numbers judge a* poet's *song,*
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong;"

so others in their estimate of an *actor's* qualifications are equally mistaken. A graceful carriage, a beautiful person and a strong and harmonious voice, with just so much understanding as to rise above the level of the capacity of the fashionable vulgar, will place an actor on our boards in a most favourable point of light. The ladies will be enchained with admiration of his appearance, his action is so *elegant*, his voice so *sweet*, his look so *enchanting*, that they are satisfied he is an admirable performer. The men too, though they will not be wholly swayed by such considerations, allow them to have weight, they consider his *emphasis* to be accurate, for his sweet voice confounds their judgment. The *meaning* of the author to be enforced in the best manner, because they do not endeavour to understand *how* it should be given; the character to be properly preserved, because they will not reason on its inconsistency, and, on the whole, they consider him a man of wonderful powers. But it is time we should know that a strut across the Stage, with a sudden swell of utterance, does not always constitute good acting; there is judgment required to mature a character, and taste to perform it with effect. Mind, however, is the primary qualification for a performer, without which, person, voice, beauty are of no avail; the acting through it may please cannot be great, though it may gratify the eye and ear, can never satisfy the understanding. The great actor, must read his character with such attention, that every pause, emphasis, start, tone, must pervade his very soul; he must write them down, practice them again and again, and never vary from acknowledged excellence, for unattempted and uncertain flights of imagination.

The judgment of this country results from the present bad taste of the English; now, comedy degenerates into farce, and tragedy into swelling declamation. Cooke and Kemble, to be sure are said to retain much native excellence, but the acting of the Garrick school has no longer a being. The Fawcetts and the Mundens, turn from the chaste

acting of King and Woodward, to the low tricks of Shuter and Edwin; and Master Betty leads the public from a judicious attention and appreciation of the vigorous conception, embodied passion, and all pervading mind of Cooke and Kemble to extol his unfledged attempts at declamatory vehemence, and his youthful confidence of self-superiority.

The present fashion is therefore absurd and preposterous; and requires a reform. The interposition of a genius like Garrick's might now effect as complete a revolution as he did. When the management of Drury-lane Theatre was first undertaken by him, the taste of the town, aimed at nothing higher than to judge between the splendour of a shew and the agility of Harlequin; it devoted no part of its attention to the observation of the various modes of life, propriety of passion, or accuracy of utterance. The managers instead of endeavouring to correct, had satiated with indulgence the vitiated appetites of their audience; they had fed them with whatever they longed for, and monstrous indeed were the dramatical productions of that debased age. Garrick however resolved on a total reformation he thought it an indelible disgrace to leave

Shakespeare, Jonson, and laborious Ben,
To show, and Scaramouch & Harlequin."

He opened his theatre, and induced the public

"*To bid the reign commence*
Of rescued nature and reviving sense."

From that period the Stage was in truth the school of taste. Tragedy presented human passions, in human language and in a natural manner; and comedy, ridiculed the follies and vices of the day with much pungency of satire and playfulness of wit; low buffoonery was not then admitted into true comedy; buffoonery was denounced, and the Garrick school of acting surmounted every prejudice and overthrew every obstruction.

Though such important effects are only to be expected, at this time in America, yet if the public would determine on beauties of dramatic perfection according to the standardof nature, if they would require that their understanding should be satisfied as well as their senses; the managers would then be peculiarly careful in the selection of their plays, the actors more attentive to nature in their performances, and the stage become more worthy of patronage, because more conducive to virtue and morality.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

The arrival of the regular European packets produces a variety of articles for this department of our paper. The confusion and distress of war appear to have very little effect upon the literature or the pleasures of Englishmen. We find the same variety in the one and as much zeal for the other; literary publications are multiplied with success, and articles of taste are in equal demand as in the calmest era of peace. There are as many sacrifices to fashion, and as much devotion to science; whatever is new will be certain to command attention, and whatever is worthy will receive support.

Among the new periodical publications which deserve our notice THE ATHENÆUM conducted by J. Aikin deserves first attention. It is designed, says the Prospectus to be one of those popular miscellanies long known and approved in this country under the name of a *Magazine*, but it is meant to assume a higher literary character than they commonly support.

The ground which this publication would take, is already occupied by the Monthly Magazine, a work deservedly of the highest reputation, and it will require much exertion and industry as well as science, and a large circle of literary

correspondents to be known in any way as its rival.

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

This humorous work from which before its republication here, we were liberal in our extracts, was received by the English reviewers with much praise, and as usual, with successful performances, drew after it several Imitations. The subjoined remarks on them are from the Monthly Review for January.

"Among the curious inventions of the present æra, we are now to reckon the manufacture of *amusement* out of our *miseries*; and this fashion seems to *take*, since there is a competition in the market. Collections of miseries to be *laughed at* are here arranged in a great mass:—large enough, indeed, to create real distress; and, truly, in looking over these *precious* articles, we have had the misfortune to find but few that were exactly adapted to their purpose. In consequence, the general effect was rather sombrous than enlivening; and to vent our disappointment, we added this to the magazine of miseries:

"Reading a book with the expectation of being convulsed with laughter, and having the risible muscles preserved perfect sinecures."

MASQUERADES.

An account of this species of amusement is thus given in the Monthly Mirror for February.

"The first masquerade this season was at the opera house, on Thursday, Feb. 5th. We hope that this entertainment will, if it proceeds, improve. The company, on the present occasion, was very indifferent, and the most interesting amusement of the night was pocketpicking. This character, *dexterously* performed, abounded in an unprecedented degree, and but for, to them, the disagreeable intrusion of certain gentlemen, called Bow-street officers, they had *carried off* the palm, and every thing else, with a masterly *hand*. One very active citizen, James Mackay, was secured at the moment he was playing his part to life, on a fourth watch. It appeared, on examination, that he had returned from his travels but nine months; and probably finding the meridian of London not suited to his free way of living, had adopted this simple method of renewing them at the expense (and for the good) of his country.

A QUICK RETORT OF A SOPHIST.

Pyrrhon, the head of the sect called after his name, asserted, that there was no difference between life and death. Some person, in ridicule of this absurd position, asked him why he did not die, as life and death were the same. "For that very reason," replied Pyrrhon, "because there is no difference between the two states."

A late writer on Spanish Grammar has contrived to enliven the tediousness of the duty with the following sprightly little air, which we would hardly expect to find in a work of that cast.

LOVE AND FOLLY.

Love disagreeing once with *Folly*,
Folly treated him unkind;
For 'tis a fact, most melancholy,
That she beat the urchin blind.

For vengeance, Venus sighed to heav'n,
As she sought the courts above;
Into the chancery she was driv'n,
On her breast lay little *Love*.

'Behold,' she cried, 'great justice-giver!
'Cupid now how blind and dark! [er,
'What use henceforth shall be his quiv-
'What his hope to hit the mark?

'His wings in vain his body raising,
'He no more can take a flight,
'His torch however brightly blazing,
'Gives to him no ray of light!'

Silent at length, for Justice waiting,
Venus hung o'er hapless *Love*;
The court concluded soon debating,
And the sentence came from Jove.

It is decreed that FOLLY *never*
Shall in future quit his side,
But from this instant, and for ever,
Be to LOVE *a constant guide!**

* *This song was sung by Mr. Braham on the stage whom the writer has chosen for sake of the metre, to call Abraham.*

THE LIFE OF DERMODY.

That singular compound of genius and profligacy has formed the subject of much conversation. The concluding remarks of Mr. Raymond, his biographer, are certainly correct, and are themselves an illustration of the manner of his own work.

"Had his ambition kept pace with the encouragement which he received; had he studied and pursued moral with the same ardour as poetical propriety; had his regard for character and decorum equalled his poverty and his love of dissipation; he might have lived to be the admiration of the great, the wonder of the learned, and the ornament of society; science might have smiled upon his labours, fame might have proclaimed his excellence, and posterity with delight would record his name."

THE FAIR EQUIVOQUE.

From a pleasant little work called the Journey of Life, is taken the following neat epigram.

As blooming Harriet moved along,
The fairest of the beauteous throng,
The beaux gazed on with admiration,
Avow'd by many an exclamation—
What form! what *naiveté!* what grace!
What roses deck that Grecian face!
"Nay," Dashwood cries, "that bloom's not Harriet's,
'Twas bought at Reynold's, Moore's, or Marriott's;
And though you vow her face untainted,
I swear, *by God*, your beauty's painted,"
A wager instantly was laid,
And Ranger sought the lovely maid;
The pending bet he soon reveal'd,
Nor e'en the impious oath conceal'd.
Confused—her cheek bore witness true,
By turns the roses came and flew.
"Your bet," she said, "is rudely odd—
But I *am* painted Sir—*by God.*"

GENIUS.

"A happy genius is the gift of nature. It depends on the influence of the stars say the astrologers; on the organs of the body, say the naturalists. It is the peculiar gift of heaven, say the divines. How to improve it, many books can teach us; how to obtain it, none. That nothing can be done without it, all agree. To study and to know our own genius well; to seek to improve, but not force it, are directions, which cannot be too much impressed upon those who would attain to the best acting they may be capable of."

SYMMONS' LIFE OF MILTON.

Another attempt has been made to give the outline of this venerable poet, and the work is thus spoken of by a competent reviewer.

"OFTEN as the biographical canvas has been covered with portraits of the author of "Paradise Lost," we cannot regard this additional delineation of him as superfluous. Indeed, could the departed spirit of Milton himself be conscious of sublunary transactions, it would derive no inconsiderable gratification from this generous and masterly exertion in behalf of his injured fame: it would contemplate with high satisfaction a clergyman of the established Church boldly standing forward to repel the shafts of party-malice and detraction, and assiduously occupied in bestowing ample justice on his distinguished talents and virtues: it would perceive that the *cordatior ætas* which his prophetic soul anticipated, and prospect of which solaced him in "the evil days" of which he complained, was no visionary anticipation, but that the bright beams of his reputation were destined to dissipate those mists and clouds which his enemies had raised, to sully or obscure their effulgence. Every measure, which the ingenuity of narrow-minded hostility could invent, has been employed to undermine his character; and

prejudice has feasted with delight on the slanders and insinuations, which, in the shape of history, biography, and criticism, have been levelled against this our distinguished countryman: but, as truth always gains strength and glory from the contests which error imprudently provokes, so men of great and virtuous minds rise ultimately in the regard and estimation of the world, in consequence of the mean attempts of time-serving detractors."

The following lines are the first attempt we recollect to have seen celebrating the loves of the Chinese in the harmony of song.

THE CHINESE LOVER.

In Pekin's stately city dwelt
A lady matchless fair,
Throughout all China there was none
That could with her compare.
'Twas more than beauty, more than wit,
That fir'd her speaking eye;
With one sweet glance she stole the heart
Of Hoang Si.

Her cheek outvied the mountain snows,
Her brows by nature were
More thin, more beautifully form'd
Than others pluck'd with care.
'Twas on her cheek, and on her brow,
And in her deep set eye
Love bade his arrows lurk, to wound
Poor Hoang Si.

Why sweetly tott'ring mov'd the maid
In garden and in grove?
Too little were her beauteous feet
To bear the queen of love!
Why strove she not by look or word?
But stood with downcast eye—
Love gave her silence voice to speak
To Hoang Si.

When Hansi mov'd, all other grace
Eclipsed was and gone;
As taper-lights when Phœbus shines,
At night or break of morn.
Like little diamonds dropp'd in snow
Were her bright eyes, but, ah!
Relentless parents bade them beam
On Song-lin Shah.

O why did fortune make her rich?
Or why was I so poor?
I met the lustre of her eye
And thought the bliss secure;
Till richer proffers favour woo'd,
Successful woo'd, for ah!
Too cruel fate! herself she gave
To Song-lin Shah.

Far from my breast my reason fled,
And left me quite forlorn;
I wander'd to the deserts drear
With all my garments torn.
I taught the caverns to complain—
I made their echoes cry,
Reverberative to my moans,
Poor Hoang Si!

I have been in the Indian lands,
And on the Persian sea,
But never never could regain
My heart's sweet liberty.
Oft have I play'd the pipe of peace,
And borne the sword, yet ah!
Could ne'er forget the beauteous wife
Of Song-lin Shah.

PESTS OF SOCIETY.

There is not a more intolerable nuisance in the world than an inquisitive, intermeddling, false friend. Nothing more formidable that an opulent scoundrel, and an avaricious judge. Nothing more disgusting than an half-learned, dogmatic scholar. Nothing more common than a knavish gamester. Nothing more despicable than a prince who is guilty of a lie. Nothing more ridiculous than an amorous old man or woman; a poor person who is proud; or a bully without spirit.

A SINGULAR DECREE.

Aulus Gellius, in his "Attic Night," book xii. chap. 7. borrows the following story from Valerius Maximus, chap. xiv. book 8. A lady of Smyrna, enraged at her husband and son, for having put to death a son of hers, by a former marriage, a youth of great promise, poisoned both the murderers. The lady was convicted of the crime, and pleaded her cause as well as she could. C

olabella (who was then Pro-con-
l in Asia, and before whom the
use was brought), unwilling to ac-
it a woman of two crimes, which
e had fully confessed, and at the
me time loath to condemn a mo-
er who avenged the murder of her
, transmitted the decision to the
rt of Areopagus. The judges,
mpathising with the embarrass-
nt of Dolabella, decreed, that
The prosecutor and the culprit
uld appear before them again at
e end of one hundred years, and
n judgment should be passed on
criminal.

DIVIDE ET IMPERA.

A YOUNG counsel, Mr. S****, walk-
in *Guildhall* on a *Saturday*, when the
e was crowded with bankrupts at-
ing upon the commissioners, was
by an attorney, who, after the u-
l salutation, expressed, in the man-
of *Dowling* in *Tom Jones*, a wish,
he could split himself in two pieces ;
e had two commissions of bankrupt
tend, both of which were fixed for
ame hour. "Oh," exclaimed the
ster, "if that's what you want, go
e first set of commissioners im-
ately, and let them make a *divi-*
of you.

EPIGRAM.

Never complain to Strangers.

whose hat a nimble knave had
snatch'd,
, clumsy, gouty, asthmatic, & old,
ng against a post, his noddle
scratch'd,
d his sad story to a stranger told.
ow the thief," replied the stand-
er-by ;
h, Sir!" said he, "these feet will
wag no more!"
m the neighbourhood with a hue-
and-cry." [could roar."
as! I've roar'd as long as lungs
n," quoth the stranger, "vain is
all endeavour, [sue :
voice to call, *sans* vigour to pur-
nce your *Hat*, of course, is gone
for ever,
'en make bold to take your *Wig*
—Adieu!"

EMERALD NOTICES.

In looking over the late English newspapers we have taken such articles as seem to us in any way interesting to our readers. In a more particular manner than any other journals

They show the body of the times
Its form and pressure.

Not an occurrence takes place, and hardly is a thought suggested but is immediately embodied in some editorial paragraph. The motion and very looks of the great are watched and recorded, and the complexion of their countenance and the colour of their clothes descend to posterity on the same page which perpetuates the diplomacy of the cabinet or the progress of war.

We wait for La Belle Assemblée, to give our female friends correct intelligence from the fashionable world.

Morton has written a new comedy, called Town and Country. It promises to be equally successful with his other pieces. Its original representation in London was assisted by some elegant scenery, among which was a cotton mill by Whitmore, an Egyptian scene by Phillips, and a Welch cottage by Hollogan, which are said to be chef de œuvres. The pathetic powers of Kemble and the comic talents of Fawcett are put in requisition.

A new musical piece called the Young Hussar, has lately been brought out at Drury lane, the music of which is said to be exquisite.

Bell's Messenger, March 1st, says,

We may confidently assert that the Cabinet or Monthly Report of Polite Literature is a periodical publication which for splendor, elegance and novelty has not been often excelled. The portrait of Mr. Elliston in the Honey-Moon, and Henderson in Macbeth are exquisite performances.

The following questions are proposed at Cambridge (Eng.) for Latin prize-exercises this year :

For the senior Bachelors. Utrum mores civium emendet aut corrumpet commercium ?

For the middle Bachelors. Utrum literis prosit librorum quanta nunc est editorum copia ?

MADAM CATALANI, who is said to be the first singer in the world, received five hundred guineas! for performing three times at the ladies concert in

Argyle street. Her engagement for the season at the Opera will produce £7000 sterling. The following quere has been stated in some of the papers:

Is this lady to pay an income tax, or by putting her property into the British funds, is it to be exempt as the property of a foreigner? It is said a case has been made up for Counsel on this point

This lady has been introduced to the Queen at a public drawing room.

Etchings are published of the *Miseries* of Human Life. Few who have had an opportunity of being acquainted with these miseries will purchase them, as they must in general possess them in their memories deeply engraven.

A great number of females have applied at the States' office for permission to accompany their *lovers* to Botany Bay. Love doubtless *transports* women as well as men.

A London paper of the 8th of February states, That a yellow Italian jessamine tree in a garden near Shrewsbury had been in bloom for nearly five weeks past.

Miss Lee, the writer of *the Chapter of accidents*, a play that for a long time has kept possession of the stage, produced a new piece at Drury lane this season, called the *Assignation*.

The patience of the audience was exhausted in the second act and the piece was *assigned* to obscurity.

From the following article from *Bell's Weekly Messenger* it seems that pugilistic contests are not exclusively confined to the deliberative assemblies of our country, but like most other of our customs is founded on English authority.

Parliamentary fracas. The following unpleasant occurrence took place at Bellamy's Tavern, House of Commons Mr. A. S. having accused Mr. B. of being influenced in his duty by a noble Duke, the latter gave the lie direct, which was acknowledged by a severe blow with a cane. The parties have since been bound over in £ 500 each to keep the peace by Mr. Graham of Bow-Street.

The English editors in giving their accounts of these ungentlemanlike actions are generally more considerate than printers this side the Atlantic.—While they give a sufficient description to point out the parties among their acquaintance, the disgrace that would attach to their names is kindly diverted by the friendly concealment of all but the initial letters.

We know not whether to consider as an evidence of increased immorality and vice or of the earnest desire of the London editors to embellish their papers with strange and wonderful accounts, the numerous details of horrid murders, barbarous cruelties, robberies, prosecutions for *crim con.* &c. which are found in the columns of their daily journal. Every day and almost every hour of the day sends forth a newspaper from one or other part of the city and each of them contains some dreadful account

Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of moving accidents, by flood and field.

They present a melancholy display of danger and death in every quarter of the kingdom.

Our readers are desired to peruse the very able dissertation of the Ordeal on Theatrical taste. It is an evidence of that TASTE which has to so great general satisfaction directed the judgment of the town, and contains the learning of a scholar, and the discrimination of a critic.

The following extract from a letter of a very competent judge, pays a proper tribute to the genius of a most valuable correspondent:

Looking over a file of Emeralds, I again express my *matured* approbation of the Wanderer, No. 45, on Intemperance.* The ease and vivacity, that charms us in the Lay Preacher, are not merely imitated, but equalled. The immortality of *Addison* is principally owing to his having been a moralist without formality; a reprover without austerity. This grace, of all others the most appropriate to periodical productions, the writer has imbibed. The paragraph in particular, which begins with, "The wild sallies, &c." is an instance of a writer's happily amplifying without wandering from the subject and has some reflections at once descriptory and profound.

* *Vol. I. page* 229.

We hear the CURFEW is to be performed for the benefit of Mr. Usher the present season.